



VOL. XXIII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1855.

NO. 34.



'Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.'

BLESSINGS OF A DROUGHT.

It has been observed by practical farmers, that the season which follows a dry one, or a succession of dry ones, if accompanied by a fair share of rains and warmth of sun, is more fruitful than the same season would have been, had the previous one not been subject to drought. The philosophy of this has always been obscure.

Mr. Higgins, State Agricultural Chemist of Maryland, has broached the following theory, which he thinks will explain the mystery. He assumes, that the constant washing of rains and carrying away of crops, greatly exhausts the mineral matter. This is undoubtedly correct.

Well, drought is the means, under the direction

of Providence, to replenish the soil with this mineral substance, of which it has been exhausted.

If thinks it is done in this way:

During dry weather, a continual evaporation of water takes place from the surface of the earth, which is not supplied by the clouds. The evaporation from the surface, creates a vacuum, so far as water is concerned, which is at once filled by the rising up from the subsoil of the land.

The water from the subsoil is replaced from the next strata below, and in this manner, the circulation of water in the earth, is the reverse to that which takes place in wet weather. With this water also ascend the minerals held in solution—the phosphates and sulphates of lime, carbonate and silicate of potash and soda, which are deposited in the surface soil as the water evaporates, and thus restores the losses sustained above stated.

Mr. Higgins has instituted several experiments to verify this theory, which are interesting and seem to be conclusive. The present season in Maine, follows three very dry ones.

If Mr. H.'s theory be correct, these three dry seasons have been engaged in pumping from the depths below, holding in solution various mineral ingredients necessary for the growth of crops. Whether this be the case or not, it certainly is uncommun productive. Since June came in, when the rains and the warm weather commenced, vegetation of all kinds has been pushed along with extreme rapidity; and the gardens, fields, and pastures, and the forest even, present a luxuriance that has not been seen here before for years. It really looks like old times, in the promise of bountiful harvests.

THE FLOUR MONOPOLY.

It is both amusing and melancholy, to see the exertions of those who are interested in keeping up the price of flour.

We all know that the flour dealers and others in their train, taking advantage of a partial failure in wheat and other crops, and some other incidental circumstances, have been able to keep up the prices of flour much higher than the natural condition of the market would warrant—that although there was actually a supply of the article to more than meet the demand, the price of flour per barrel has been far beyond all precedent, under like circumstances.

They have been able to do this by monopolizing the crop, the mills and the railroad freighting cars. Now they would fain continue this game longer, although a good Providence has taken away the excuse of short crops by giving a most bountiful one.

We are sorry to see certain agricultural papers apparently taking sides with these speculators in the "Staff of life," and trying to make it appear that there is to be a drouth in the land, and that instead of a full and overflowing harvest, there is, and is to be, a very short one. Among them is the Rural New Yorker, of Rochester, N. Y. For some time it has been holding the entire idea of short crops.

FRANKLIN.

July 25, 1855.

For the Maine Farmer.

TWIN CORN.

Mr. Ennor:—I noticed in the Farmer, some weeks since, that you had been presented with a "stalk of corn having upon it two perfectly formed and well filled ears," by Mr. A. S. Pinkham of Chelsea. Just to show you that some things can be done as well as others, I herewith send you a sample of my seed corn, tied together by the husks, each two they grow upon the same stalk. In no instance was an ear selected which was well formed and well filled.

It is, as you will see, of the eight rows variety and is very early. The stalk is quite small, and is liable to be laid by heavy winds if occurring after the corn is filled, as it is then well loaded, two ears being the rule, one the exception. Perhaps a page of its history may not be uninteresting.

It will be remembered that the season of 1837 was disastrous to the corn crop in this State, and every one who was fortunate enough to get anything like decent corn believed he had the best variety. Wishing to be sure of the best, I procured seed from several different localities, and of different varieties, 8, 10, 12, and 16 rows. These I mixed together and planted, "hit or miss," in the spring of 1838. In the fall, as soon as the appearance of the husks indicated that some ears were sufficiently matured for seed, I went through the corn and broke off a bushel basket full of the earliest ears, without opening the husks, or otherwise ascertaining of which variety they were. On husking them, I found some of all kinds, but the small eight rows largely predominating.

I have thus continued to select my seed, and for the last three years I have selected only twin ears that were both well filled. It now matures earlier, and the ears are larger than at first.

to be soft enough to be cut with a shovel, except a few raw bones and teeth, which seemed to be proof against the leach, in a great measure. I have now Ruta Bagas growing on the mixture. It was put in the drills and covered about four inches; I supposed it might be rather strong and buried it accordingly. Within a week or two those Bagas look as if they had got hold of something that agreed with them.

If E. G. B. will give his honest time, I think there will be trouble about their becoming soft enough to be picked to pieces with the fingers, as the most of mine were. But mine were in pickle nearly thirteen months, instead of three or four, as friend B. says he has been.

Whether soap suds would be more effectual than urine, or less so, is a problem to be solved by some one who is more of a chemist than myself. I used the urine in order to save it, as my faith in the softening of the bones was like a "small grain of mustard seed." From present appearances the mixture is a very powerful fertilizer for Ruta Bagas at least. To be patient friend B., let them soak till next spring and then try them on some of your crops and let us know the result of your experiments. S. North Yarmouth, Aug. 6, 1855.

NOTE. We like the suggestions contained in the above communication. The course proposed will make a rare combination of fertilizing materials, and a hoghead or vat near the outside of every house-keeper filled as directed, will become useful in more ways than one.

[Ed.]

For the Maine Farmer.

VENERABLE OXEN.

Mr. Ennor:—Deacon Isaac French, of Chesterville, Franklin Co., Ms., has a pair of oxen nineteen years old last February, which he raised from calves. They are well matched, and have always worked together. They are neither known nothing nor do nothing. They have come 338 trips from Chesterville to the Kennebec, and Deacon French has driven them the last five or six weeks, and promises an annual harvest, "provided nevertheless," that the winter continues until the first or second week in September. The political atmosphere undoubtedly will get warmed up, in certain localities, between now and the tenth of next month; but whether this will materially affect the corn harvest, is a question which will not come into the account of the corn grower.

The potato crop, especially the tops, promises a rich harvest, unless some unforeseen calamity should overtake them. The grain crop among us is heavy and will soon be harvested.

"One acre more" has been sown and planted with us, this year, and it is questioned whether the soil of our own beloved State of Maine ever bore up so heavy a crop for the sustenance of man and beast, as it does the present year. Our pastures, the present season, have been good and are unusually good, and an increased growth of our cattle, horses and sheep, and an increased crop upon former years of beef, mutton, butter and cheese, will be the legitimate result.

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From the fact that the spring and first part of summer, were very unpromising and forbidding to the husbandman, in view of our own murraines and distrustfulness of a gracious Providence, and in view of the fact that a Merciful Being reigns in the Heavens and the earth, "sending rain on the just and the unjust," can we not, as a people with thankfulness of heart, exclaim in the language of the inspired writer, "What hath not God wrought!"

In view of many of the deliverances wrought for us by the great Deliverer—the bountiful harvests—hand—the fall in the price of breadstuffs, which will ameliorate the condition of the poor—the continued health, peace and prosperity of our State—the continued blessings of Heaven upon all the industrial departments of the State—the attention given by the people to industry, science, temperance, virtue and truth—all these, if justly appreciated, will conspire to raise in our hearts the sentiment of inspiration, "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, we have a goodly heritage."

EMERY WINTER SWEET.

Here is an outline of a valuable long keeping sweet apple, that should be more generally cultivated in Maine. It may be known in other States by some other name, and perhaps booked on the catalogues of nursery men. At present it is designated among us by the above name, in order to designate it, until its true origin and name, if any has previously been given it, should be known.

Its history as far as here known is this. Some years since Hon. Stephen Emery, of Paris, sent us in the month of May, a box of very fair and very sweet apples. It is not common for fresh apples to retain their fresh saccharine flavor so long, but those were apparently as good as when just gathered. They were from grafts which he obtained from the late Stephen Chase, of Fryeburg, and this was all that he could tell of their origin. They were submitted to the examination of the Maine Pomological Society, but not recognized by any one. They therefore came to the conclusion to designate it by that name.

The following is the description of it in their published transactions.

EMERY SWEET. May 4, 1849. A sweet apple

for the Maine Farmer.

THE CROPS IN SOMERSET.

Mr. Editor:—The haying business in this town is about finished, and a good crop in good condition, has been secured, probably some increase in quantity from last year. No hay has been damaged by storms, the weather has uniformly been good; some darkening scurvy clouds have at times obscured themselves upon the horizon, but a fine hot day has generally taken their place. The fall feed, owing to the wet season, never promised more abundantly.

The corn crop, I think, has never been known to come forward more rapidly than it has for the last five or six weeks, and promises an annual harvest, "provided nevertheless," that the weather continues until the first or second week in September. The political atmosphere

undoubtedly will get warmed up, in certain localities, between now and the tenth of next month; but whether this will materially affect the corn harvest, is a question which will not come into the account of the corn grower.

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Respectfully yours,

ANDREW ARCHER.

Fairfield, August 10th, 1855.

The HORTICULTURIST. This monthly, devoted to the subjects of Horticulture, Rural art and Rural taste, which came into so much favor with the public, under the editorial care of the late A. J. Downing, and has been so ably conducted since Downing's death by Mr. Barry, has changed hands. It is now published by Robert P. Smith, in Philadelphia, and is edited by J. M. Smith. The number for August has been received, and contains the usual variety of useful matter. From present appearances, we are induced to think that the Messrs. Smiths will sustain its former well earned, and well deserved reputation.

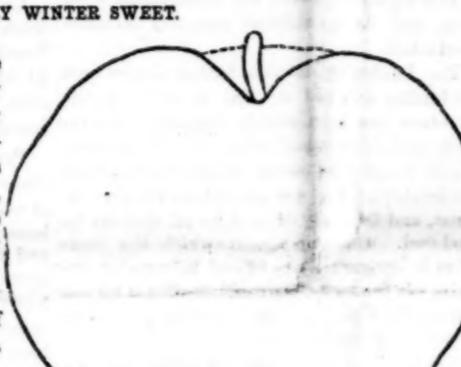
RED CHERRIES.

A writer in the Patent Office Report seems to indicate that the black knot in the cherry tree, is owing to the "diseased state of the tapetum." Now I think otherwise. I believe it to be caused by an insect. My trees are fine and healthy, and the cherries good. If persons setting out young trees, or if those who have them already set out, will adopt my plan, they will by attending to them, I think, thank me for this communication.

Watch your trees every spring; if the grub makes its exit, and burn them. When picking your cherries, be careful to break no limbs; pick all, perfect and imperfect; pit or stone your cherries, put the pits and imperfect ones with the juice in a vessel with a little water; squeeze them together, and strain it well. The liquor with a little molasses will do for the vinegar barrel, and the refuse for the pigs and chickens. By this means you will destroy the insect in its grub state. It is as necessary to protect the cherry tree as it is the plum, or any other, from the destroyer. I know of red cherries a dozen years old, as fine as you wish to see, in Montgomery county, and all owing to the necessary attention. J. M. L.

Bucks County, Pa., 1855.

[N. E. Farmer.]



sent by Judge Emery, of Paris, Oxford county, Maine. Size, medial, globular; stem pit narrow, and medium depth; stem slender; calyx shallow, color, a russet ground, streaked with red, and a blush on one side. Flesh, white, fine grained, and of a rich sweet taste; keeps till May. We are not certain what the true name of this apple is. Judge Emery obtained the grafts from the late Stephen Chase, Esq., of Fryeburg, Maine. It may be an old acquaintance come to the conclusion to designate it by that name.

The following is the description of it in their published transactions.

EMERY SWEET. May 4, 1849. A sweet apple

for the Maine Farmer.

HOING, VERSUS WATERING.

At this season of the year, when vegetables begin to look parched and the ground becomes dry, gardeners think they must commence the use of the watering pot.

This practice, to a certain extent, and under some circumstances, may, perhaps, be proper, but as a general rule, to which there are commonly some exceptions, I apprehend it is incorrect.

The same time spent in hoeing, frequently stirring the earth about vegetables, is far preferable. When watering has once commenced it must be continued, must be followed up, else you have done mischief instead of good; as, after watering a few times, and then omitting it, the ground will bake harder than as though nothing had been done to it. Not so with hoing.

The more you stir the ground about vegetables, the better they are off; and whenever you stop hoing no damage is done, as in watering.

Ground is always improved by stirring; and stop when you will, there is no subtraction from this benefit, no danger accrues. Vegetables will improve more rapidly, be more healthy, and better at maturity, by frequent hoing than by frequent watering.

And this result is very easily shown by experiment. Just notice, after a dewy night, the difference between ground lately and often stirred, and that which has lain unmoved for a long time. Or take two cabbage plants, under similar circumstances, water one and stir the other just as often, stirring the earth about it carefully and thoroughly, and watch their improvement, see which you stop hoing no damage is done, as in watering.

There is also a secret about this stirring the earth, which chemists and horticulturists would do well to study with the utmost scrutiny and care.

Soil, cultivated in the spring and then neglected, soon settles together, the surface becomes hard, the particles cohere, attract surface or no moisture, and from such a surface even the rain slides off, apparently doing little good.

But let this surface be thoroughly pulverized, though it be done merely with an iron rake, and put only a few inches in depth, and new life is put into it, the surface becomes friable and soft, the moisture of the particles again becomes active, attracting and being attracted, each seeming to be trying to his neighbor, "hand over, hand over—more drink, more drink."

And why this elaboration should grow less and less, till in a comparatively short time, it should almost cease, is a question of very difficult solution; though the different composition of soils, has doubtless something to do with the master.

But let the stirring be carefully repeated, all is life again; particles attract moisture from the atmosphere, hand it to each other, down it goes to the roots of vegetables, the little suction fibres drink it in, and though we cannot see them busy operations, yet we perceive their healthy effects, in the pushing up of vegetables above the surface.

Now, if these things are so, and any one can satisfy himself by trying the experiments, then I think, Mr. Water Pot, you might as well retire and make your bow to Mr. H. [Gardiner Journal.]

NUTRITIVE QUALITIES IN MILK.

In the Medical Convention now in session at Philadelphia, Dr. N. S. Davis of Chicago, on Thursday, presented a report on the nutritive qualities of milk, and also on the question of fruit and vegetables as food.

While there is not some mode by which the nutritive constituents of milk can be preserved in their purity and sweetness, and furnished to the inhabitants of cities in such quantities as to supersede the present defective and often unwholesome modes of supply. The report says that when railroads were opened into the interior of the country, it was said that milk would be furnished to the residents of cities in the purity that it was found on farms, but a sufficient time had elapsed to demonstrate that this is not the case. The conveyance of the milk from the farm to the city, the transit on the railway, and the time lost in its delivery throughout the city, it was clearly shown, had the effect of making it unfit for the nourishment of a child. During the past half century experiments had been made with a view of preserving milk in its pure state, yet it was but recently that a discovery had been made by a gentleman in New York, which was to evaporate the water and mix it with white sugar, which rendered it what is termed solidified milk. In his practice he had used this improved milk for the nourishment of infants with the most gratifying results, and after having kept it for three months; and he knew of its having been kept twelve months without any injury to its qualities. [Exchange.]

WATER WORK. Three bushels of salt to the acre will destroy the wire worm, besides adding much to the fertility of the soil. Refuse salt



AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1855.

THE FLOUR MONOPOLY.

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of the 2d inst., is an article attributing the high price of flour, to some extent at least, to the flour speculators. The following I cut from the Boston Journal, of the 7th inst.; it was taken from the Rochester Union:—

"The riot commenced thus: In the first ward, as two gentlemen were riding in a carriage they were fired at from a house containing Germans or Irish. One was reported to be Edward Williams of the second Ward; Joseph Salvage, and John Latta, two speculators, went to the scene of the trouble, and they were also fired at. Latta had his leg badly shattered by a musket ball, and Williams was also wounded.

Exaggerated reports then spread to the lower part of the city in regard to the affair, causing a large crowd to assemble, thirsting for revenge.

They gathered around the house from which the firing commenced, took two Germans from it, and beat them so badly that their recovery is considered very doubtful. The house was then completely sacked.

The rioters then proceeded to the houses on the corner of Shelly and Madison streets, from whence Germans had been seen firing, two groceries, a beer house, and two houses owned and occupied by Germans, and injured several of their inhabitants.

They then went to Jefferson street, where a party of gentlemen coming into the city had been fired upon from a large brewery, sacked the houses around it, burned the brewery, beat a number of Germans whom they captured terribly, and also shot an Irishman, who died instantly.

In the street below, an American was slightly injured by a shot, when the Irishman who fired it was captured, beaten and shot. Shots had been fired from all the houses which were attacked.

The crowd now talked of sacking the Catholic church, where it was rumored firearms had been secreted, but Mayor Barlow and others prevailed upon them to leave it alone.

NOTE.—We do not know who the writer of the above communication is, but this we do know, that there has been, and still is, a combination of flour speculators who have hitherto kept flour to a price far higher than the natural condition of things would warrant.

They mean, if possible, to still keep it up.

Look at the facts: A few years ago, flour could be had for six or eight dollars per barrel. Why? Because the supply was greater than the demand, and hence the above was a fair price. Now, the same qualities of flour is up to from ten to fourteen dollars. Why? The natural course of such a high price would be, because the supply did not equal the demand—that there was a scarcity. But this is not the case, now, the supply has more than equalled the demand; for there are now thousands and tens of thousands of barrels of old four on hand—there has, in reality, been no scarcity, and yet, flour has been up to famine price.

This intelligence started the disturbances after the fight at Waterville, that Rhodes was learned while the trouble had been going on in the upper part of the city, several hundred had been fired upon in the lower part of Main street, and that at about five o'clock P. M., two Americans had been shot at from an Irish house on the corner of Main and Chappell streets, and this without the slightest provocation being given their part as far as could be learned.

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Some of the Irishmen in their houses were burned to death. A woman and a man named Quinn are among those that were killed. Eighteen to twenty houses were destroyed, and the number of killed is said to be 15 to 20. To-day the excitement was very great, and warlike movements were observable, but the crowd finally dispersed, and it is hoped peace at length been obtained.

A large extra police has been put on duty, and the Mayor has issued his usual proclamation.

Bishop Spaulding has published a card disclaiming any connection with the rioters, and calling upon his flock to remain orderly and quiet.

And it is thought they will be more quiet than ever.

The fighting was at a distance from the police. The key of the Roman Catholic Cathedral have been placed in the hands of the Mayor by Bishop Spaulding."

The Louisville Journal, which is classed as a Know Nothing paper, says that the riot was wholly disconnected with the election, and was a premeditated affair. It also professes to have information that the Irish Catholics in the vicinity of Quinn's house contemplated an attack on the American procession on Saturday, but were deterred by the immense number comprising it.

The military were called out on Monday evening, but we do not hear of any further disturbance.

On the other hand, the opposition papers in Louisville contradict this statement flatly, and assert that the trouble originated in the attempt of the American party to prevent foreigners from voting, for they were all engaged, and promised, and mortgaged, to the dealers for six months in advance.

In proof that there has been a monopoly of the means of conveyance, let us tell you a story: Our friend and neighbor Dr. Prescott, of the Winthrop Cold Water Institute—having many mouths to supply with bread, and feeling the oppression of the enormous retail prices, wrote to a friend in Illinois to purchase him a quantity of flour, not less than twenty barrels, and forward to him. The friend wrote him back that he could purchase the flour reasonably, but, to save his life, he could not get it to him by any conveyance, by steamboat, canal-boat, or railway, for they were all engaged, and promised, and mortgaged, to the dealers for six months in advance.

When the "dealers" have thus got such control over the lines of transportation, that they cannot take the comparatively small freight of twenty barrels without their consent, what do you call it? Monopoly! or what name can you give it?

Our friend thinks "this cry about the speculators is overdone!" He may rely upon it the cry is not finished, nor will it be, until such infamous combinations are broken up.

GRAND EXHIBITION.

We have received a programme of a grand Horse and Cattle Exhibition, that is to come off in Providence, R. I., on the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th of Sept. next.

The prize list amounts to four thousand dollars, and the competition is open to all the States of the Union, and the British Provinces to boot. On Tuesday 11th, is the exhibition of cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry, also the ploughing and drawing matches. On Wednesday 12th, a grand cavalcade of all the horses entered, and the exhibition and examination of the stallions entered, all the breeding mares and all the fillies. There will also be at 3 o'clock P. M., a trial of speed of horses that never trotted for money, to drive, and to be persons who have never driven for money. An address to be delivered in the evening. Each competitor will be charged \$20 dollars entrance fee.

On Thursday, 13th, Grand cavalcade of horses entered, and exhibition of matched horses and of ponies. All horses under 13½ hands high, to be considered as ponies. At 3 o'clock P. M., trials of speed for horses that never trotted for money, free to all drivers, subject to the same entrance fees as those of Wednesday. First premium \$200, 2d 100.

On Friday, 14th, Grand cavalcade of horses entered, and exhibition and examination of Family horses and Roadsters, and trial of Draft horses. At 3 o'clock P. M. Grand trial of speed, free for all trotting horses, and all drivers. Entrance fee \$20—first premium \$300, 2d 100.

On Saturday, 15th, Grand cavalcade of horses entered, at 9 o'clock. At 10 o'clock the premiums will be declared, after which, premium horses will be exhibited, and at 12 o'clock there will be an auction sale of horses.

Notice of intention to enter animals must be given to Charles T. Keith Secretary, at Providence, R. I.

DROWNED. On Sunday afternoon, a boat in which were a man named Burns, and his wife and child, was capsized in the river, nearly opposite the Stanley House. The man and his wife were rescued, but the child, a babe of a few months old, was carried off by the current and drowned. [Bristol Journal]

THE GOVERNOR OF KANSAS. Hon. John (D.) Dawson, recently appointed Governor of Kansas, Reeder, removed, has declined the nomination, and President Pierce has appointed Hon. Wilson Shannon, ex-Governor of Ohio.

FATHER SAWYER. The Bangor Whig states that Rev. Father Sawyer, who now lacks only two months of being 100 years of age, is dangerously sick at the house of Gen. Simon Newell,

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1855.

THE NEW METAL.

On Monday of last week, election-day in Kentucky, a serious riot between the Americans and foreigners broke out, in the course of which a number of persons, said to be from 15 to 20 were killed, and a number of houses were burned by the mob. The foreigners are accused of having commenced aggressions upon the Americans. A telegraphic despatch from Louisville dated the 7th, gives the following particulars:

"The riot commenced thus: In the first ward, as two gentlemen were riding in a carriage they were fired at from a house containing Germans or Irish. One was reported to be Edward Williams of the second Ward; Joseph Salvage, and John Latta, two speculators, went to the scene of the trouble, and they were also fired at. Latta had his leg badly shattered by a musket ball, and Williams was also wounded.

Exaggerated reports then spread to the lower part of the city in regard to the affair, causing a large crowd to assemble, thirsting for revenge. They gathered around the house from which the firing commenced, took two Germans from it, and beat them so badly that their recovery is considered very doubtful. The house was then completely sacked.

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Some of the Irishmen in their houses were burned to death. A woman and a man named Quinn are among those that were killed. Eighteen to twenty houses were destroyed, and the number of killed is said to be 15 to 20. To-day the excitement was very great, and warlike movements were observable, but the crowd finally dispersed, and it is hoped peace at length been obtained.

A large extra police has been put on duty, and the Mayor has issued his usual proclamation.

Bishop Spaulding has published a card disclaiming any connection with the rioters, and calling upon his flock to remain orderly and quiet.

And it is thought they will be more quiet than ever.

The fighting was at a distance from the police. The key of the Roman Catholic Cathedral have been placed in the hands of the Mayor by Bishop Spaulding."

The Louisville Journal, which is classed as a Know Nothing paper, says that the riot was wholly disconnected with the election, and was a premeditated affair. It also professes to have information that the Irish Catholics in the vicinity of Quinn's house contemplated an attack on the American procession on Saturday, but were deterred by the immense number comprising it.

The military were called out on Monday evening, but we do not hear of any further disturbance.

On the other hand, the opposition papers in Louisville contradict this statement flatly, and assert that the trouble originated in the attempt of the American party to prevent foreigners from voting, for they were all engaged, and promised, and mortgaged, to the dealers for six months in advance.

In proof that there has been a monopoly of the means of conveyance, let us tell you a story: Our friend and neighbor Dr. Prescott, of the Winthrop Cold Water Institute—having many mouths to supply with bread, and feeling the oppression of the enormous retail prices, wrote to a friend in Illinois to purchase him a quantity of flour, not less than twenty barrels, and forward to him. The friend wrote him back that he could purchase the flour reasonably, but, to save his life, he could not get it to him by any conveyance, by steamboat, canal-boat, or railway, for they were all engaged, and promised, and mortgaged, to the dealers for six months in advance.

When the "dealers" have thus got such control over the lines of transportation, that they cannot take the comparatively small freight of twenty barrels without their consent, what do you call it? Monopoly! or what name can you give it?

Our friend thinks "this cry about the speculators is overdone!" He may rely upon it the cry is not finished, nor will it be, until such infamous combinations are broken up.

GRAND EXHIBITION.

We have received a programme of a grand Horse and Cattle Exhibition, that is to come off in Providence, R. I., on the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th of Sept. next.

The prize list amounts to four thousand dollars, and the competition is open to all the States of the Union, and the British Provinces to boot. On Tuesday 11th, is the exhibition of cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry, also the ploughing and drawing matches. On Wednesday 12th, a grand cavalcade of all the horses entered, and the exhibition and examination of the stallions entered, all the breeding mares and all the fillies. There will also be at 3 o'clock P. M., a trial of speed of horses that never trotted for money, to drive, and to be persons who have never driven for money. An address to be delivered in the evening. Each competitor will be charged \$20 dollars entrance fee.

On Thursday, 13th, Grand cavalcade of horses entered, and exhibition of matched horses and of ponies. All horses under 13½ hands high, to be considered as ponies. At 3 o'clock P. M., trials of speed for horses that never trotted for money, free to all drivers, subject to the same entrance fees as those of Wednesday. First premium \$200, 2d 100.

On Friday, 14th, Grand cavalcade of horses entered, at 9 o'clock. At 10 o'clock the premiums will be declared, after which, premium horses will be exhibited, and at 12 o'clock there will be an auction sale of horses.

Notice of intention to enter animals must be given to Charles T. Keith Secretary, at Providence, R. I.

DROWNED. On Sunday afternoon, a boat in

which were a man named Burns, and his wife and child, was capsized in the river, nearly opposite the Stanley House. The man and his wife were rescued, but the child, a babe of a few months old, was carried off by the current and drowned. [Bristol Journal]

THE GOVERNOR OF KANSAS. Hon. John (D.) Dawson, recently appointed Governor of Kansas, Reeder, removed, has declined the nomination, and President Pierce has appointed Hon. Wilson Shannon, ex-Governor of Ohio.

FATHER SAWYER. The Bangor Whig states that Rev. Father Sawyer, who now lacks only two months of being 100 years of age, is dangerously sick at the house of Gen. Simon Newell,

For the Maine Farmer.

LETTER FROM AROOSTOOK.

Mr. EDITOR.—Having spent some time in this valuable yet sparsely settled portion of Maine, I take the liberty of intruding myself upon your attention by a few thoughts upon the condition and prospects of this important, but hitherto too much neglected portion of our State in an agricultural point of view,—hoping thereby to draw the privations you may have to undergo may not be lessened by a shorter trip eastward, and one made where more happiness may be enjoyed, with perhaps as much profit, in Aroostook, as the mighty west.

Aroostook, Aug. 5. 1855.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

The Newfoundland Telegraph. It is stated that the telegraph to St. John, Newfoundland, will be in working order in the course of six or eight weeks. When completed, the European steamers are to stop there on their way to and from Europe, and deliver and receive messages. By this means the passage of news from Liverpool will be shortened, so that it will not probably occupy more than six or eight days.

Cheap Traveling. The fair from Montreal to Quebec; distance about 160 miles, by the Grand Trunk and Richmond & Quebec Railroads is only \$1.50 for first class cars, and \$1.00 for second class.

Portable Gas Works. A company in Baltimore has employed twenty-five or thirty hands in making portable gas works. Those for private houses are about the size of a cooking stove, and as easily managed. The cost of the gas is about two dollars per thousand feet and four hours suffice to generate this quantity. The material used is resin oil. The company have been trying an experiment, by filling bags made of India rubber, to be used on steamboats, and it promises to be entirely successful. These machines have been adopted by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and are now in use at Kingwood Tunnel, where they are highly thought of by the master of the road.

Oats in Penobscot County. Three farmers in

one of the towns of Penobscot county, have their oats sown in such a manner as to form a continuous field three miles long. It is estimated that the crop of the three will reach six thousand bushels.

Sad Accident. Cincinnati, Aug. 7. The cor-

poration of the new bridge over the Ohio river, that connects Cincinnati with Covington, has suffered a loss of \$200,000, by the fall of a large stone into the water, and the bridge has been closed.

Accident. A man employed in Perkins' steam mill in Hallowell, had his left hand cut off on Tuesday of last week, by an accidental contact with a circular saw.

Boston Seavers. The Traveller says that Boston has the best and most thorough system of sewerage in the country. The entire length of the sewerage is about seventy miles, and some of the drains are large enough to admit the passage of full grown men. The sewer is kept clean with steam power, and the water is filtered through sand.

Factory Difficulties. Trouble has arisen in some of the manufacturing factories between the operators and the workmen, and in injuring two so seriously that their recovery is delayed.

Robert Cameron (master builder) and W. B. Curtis (superintendent of the building,) who were sitting beneath at the time,

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.



ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIc.
The steamship Baltic arrived at New York on Wednesday of last week, bringing one week later news from Europe. Among the passengers was Horatio Greeley, who is bound of desperation to government. We make the following synopsis of the news:

GREAT BRITAIN. The British Ministry after their narrow escape on the Turkish guarantee, will now more probably be able to retain their place.

Parliament will be prorogued on, about the 11th inst.

Mr. William Melville is definitely appointed Colonial Secretary.

The Parliamentary committee on the Arctic expedition has resolved to grant £10,000 to Captain McClure and his crew for discovery of the Northwest Passage.

The funeral procession of the late Lord Raglan took place in Bristol on the 25th ult., and although as a spectacle the ceremony fell far short of the funeral of Wellington, yet as a spontaneous expression of public feeling it could hardly be surpassed.

The official notice of the death of the Duke of Wellington was given only the day previous to the funeral, making the 25th was ushered in by the firing of salute guns from many points of the city, and the chiming of muffled bells. At six o'clock the body of the deceased chief was conveyed from the Caradoc to the steamer Star, and placed on a bier covered with black cloth and draped by a curtain of the same material.

At eleven o'clock the mourners boarded the vessel, comprising Lord Raglan, Colonel Bazot, Colonel Kingscote, Lieut. Colonel Somerton, the Earl of Catherope, and others; immediately afterwards the fleet, attended by a guard of honor of about fifty boats, all uniformly manned—the different vessels anchored in her course firing minute guns. After landing the body, a procession of relatives and friends of the deceased, State and civic dignitaries, citizens and royal troops, was formed near the landing and marched with the hearse, a distance of five miles to the "fish pond," from which point the hearse, attended only by the mourners' coaches, proceeded to Badmington. The procession while marching through Bristol, was nearly two miles in length, and the crowd which it passed was lined with crowds of spectators.

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The correspondent of the Times alludes to a rumor that the naval preparations on the Black Sea are not being made with a view to the attack on Odessa but on Sebastopol itself. A bold attempt it is said will be made by 100 vessels of every kind, with 40,000 men to force the passage and land in the midst of the place, while a simultaneous attack will be made on the land side.

The Times correspondent writes on July 13th. "Last night the Russians kept up a tremendous fire. The battery which the French constructed between the Malakoff and the Malakoff, has been knocked to pieces by the powerful fire of the latter fort. A Colonel and thirty officers and men were put "hors de combat," and the sieges had scarcely checked."

The newspaper Crimaine corresponds speaking despondingly, in view of the immense efforts made by the Russians to strengthen their defenses.

As the allies advance to the actual defenses of the place, says one, they must expect to meet more elaborate works and obstacles, headed one another, with all the care which many months of preparation admit. Even now, the enemy are strengthening the Malakoff, every day. It is not now what it was on the 18th of July, and a fortnight will not pass by, when it will again be changed. The battery at the White Works still goes on, and its effect will soon be perceived.

Tickets to admiring gentlemen may be had for one dollar each at Hyde's Bookstore. Ladies who are regular members of the Choirs in Boston, and all others attending from other places will be admitted.

Arrangements have been made with the Superintendent of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad for reduction of fare.

Baard from 75 cents to \$1.25 per day.

M. B. SEARS, Cor. Secretary.

Winthrop, July 30, 1855.

MASS CONVENTION, GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL AND TEACHERS' CLASS FOR 1855.

The Maine State Musical Association will hold their Twelfth Annual Convention at Bath, Me., on Tuesday, the 4th of September, 1855. Prof. B. F. Baker, of Boston, aided by Professors Henderson and Ball, and Mrs. Minnie Little.

Mr. Baker will introduce and use his new work, "A Child's Musical Music." A silent Gliss. Music will be furnished.

The M. S. M. Association is one of the oldest and ranks among the first Musical Associations in New England. For the past four years its progress has been onward and upward. A greater gathering is anticipated at the coming Festival than even last year, when the class number about four hundred. Come then, Singers and Musicians of this and the neighboring States, and partake of the rich treat now prepared.

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LINEAR PAPER MILL. We mentioned a few weeks since that the foundation for a new paper mill for the manufacture of paper from basswood had been laid in Little Falls, N.Y. Dr. D. Hayes, and wife, recently returned from Europe, are the proprietors.

For sale by H. H. HAY, Portland, W.M. BLACK J. S. MITCHELL, Augusta, J. G. COOK & CO., Lewiston, Waterville, etc.

Consumptive Cough and General Debility Cured.

Boston, Aug. 1, 1854.

Dr. WILBUR, Sir—Last evening I came with a seven week, which had been completely prostrated since I was unable to leave my room. Your Committee considered me a good deal, and I am now well again. I am now in full strength, and in fact, as good as ever.

Admiral Baines remains with the bulk of the fleet, at Crotzstadt; while all the gunboats and mortar vessels, forming a squadron of fifty sail, are at Nargen.

Admirals Dundas, Seymour, and the French

Admiral, had been in consultation at Argen, and the general belief in the fleet was that something will soon be attempted somewhere.

A boat belonging to the British ship Ajax captured a launch, containing the Russian mail. All the letters addressed to official persons, such as the Governor of Finland, are written in

the Russian language.

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THE LITTLEFIELD LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

THE FALL TERM of clerical students will commence on THURSDAY, Sept. 1st, 1855.

Information concerning their education, etc.

Apply to the Principal, E. P. WESTON.

Portland, Aug. 15, 1855.

IMPORTANT TO HOLDERS OF BOUNTY LAND WARRANTS.

PERSONS who are receiving Warrants under the Act of Congress, will be entitled to receive the same.

Information concerning their education, etc.

Apply to the Principal, E. P. WESTON.

Portland, Aug. 15, 1855.

THRESHING.

The subscriber will give notice to the Farmers that he

is prepared to thresh grain at a low rate.

He has prepared one of FIVE

Horse Powers and Separators, which is now in good order.

And it is not alone the value of our threshing, but the time of threshing, which delays the harvest of our crops.

He has a team of horses, and a team of oxen.

He has a team of horses, and a team of oxen.

He has a team of horses, and a team of oxen.

He

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

The Muse.

THOMAS TYTTE.

The following pen portraits of "Thomas Tytte" will not be recognized at once as one of the productions of the author of "Thasatope," "Robert of Lincol," etc.:

Fluttering nervously, here and there,
Round his lady-birds—such little elfs—
Now on an iron-tit, now in th' air,
Thomas is describing himself.

Spit, spit, spit,
Tom-tit, tom-tit,
I and my wife, in this 'ere tree,
Live as jolly as ever you see.

Feeble, dee, dee.

T. Tytte, Esq., is dressed in blue,
Like every other high-born boy;

With a yellow vest and a choker too;

You'll hear him crow, if you listen a bit.

Tom-tit, tom-tit,

Spit, spit, spit,

Examine this coat and vest of mine,
I'm rather a buck in the tom-tit line.

Feeble, dee, dee.

The wife of Thomas, meek and brown,
A simple creature, afraid of boys,

Sits all day in a high-necked gown,

Laying eggs without any noise;

Tom-tit, tom-tit,

Spit, spit, spit,

Examine this coat and vest of mine,
I'm rather a buck in the tom-tit line.

Feeble, dee, dee.

A very retiring female she,
Abiding at home, as females do,

Always blowing and bragging is he,

A real man-bully as ever I knew.

Tom-tit, tom-tit,

Spit, spit, spit,

I'm not the bird to run—that's that!

I'm too good a fool you know that.

Feeble, dee, dee.

Heigh-ho! look here! two, four, six, eight,
Round and white—remarkable eggs!—

Mrs. Tytte watches early and late,

While Thomas is laughing and kicking his legs.

Tom-tit, tom-tit,

Spit, spit, spit,

Try this! singular fate!

Unusual number, certainly—eight!

Feeble, dee, dee.

T. Tytte, Esq., in a little while,
Gets not so careful about his clothes,

Seems quite depressed, hath a sickly smile,

And singeth mostly th' his nose;

Tom-tit, tom-tit,

Spit, spit, spit,

If your voice comes back and you're not shot,

You come back with it, otherwise not.

Feeble, dee, dee.

Autumn comes—the titlets grow;

Thomas Tyte is a brookhead, dunes;

To foreign parts he's going to,

And, just as he starts, we cry all at once,

Tom-tit, tom-tit,

Spit, spit, spit,

If your voice comes back and you're not shot,

You come back with it, otherwise not.

Feeble, dee, dee.

The Story-Teller.

THE COBWEB ON THE WALL.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Lomond, of Challow, Biddeford, on the 6th of October, 1851.

So the pale stern face, and the tall sparse figure of her who bore the name of Margaret Challow had vanished from earth forever! To my mind this thought came laden with sorrow, no mournful thrill. Once, when on a visit to my Aunt Hill's, I had met Mrs. Challow; and her gloomy face and sombre dress, as she sat by the bright fire-side, cast over me a sort of nameless dread. To me she seemed as a gaunt, weird shape, which stealing in from the world of sorrow, flung its chill shadow upon the brightness of that fair home. Margaret Challow was the only aunt of my Uncle Hill; she had been kind to him in his boyhood, and her nephew remembered this with grateful affection. Upon his death bed, Stephen Hill besought his widow and only child to treat with kindly regard the cold stern woman who had so greatly befriended him. Aunt Hill spoke of him with a shudder.

"Oh, Ellen," half whispered Amy, "if Aunt Challow could at this moment stand beside her picture, what a tale the two faces tell—the one glancing with that fierce determination of a proud spirit; the other darkened with the punishment that spirit had meted out for itself—revenge."

"And they were happy here beneath her roof," responded Amy, glancing at the portraits of Richard and of Hope Maybrith, "at least, they look joyous. How strange, Ellen! We have got Ruth Grey some day to tell us their history. She knows it, I do not doubt;" and Amy walked slowly towards the old woman at the window.

The gay voice of Amy fell suddenly upon my ear, and I turned away from the pictures.

"If you won't tell me, Ruth, why you have left that great black cobweb swinging in the corner, I will certainly brush it down; it looks as though it had hung there for years."

Ruth Grey's cheek became pale, and she said in almost an imploring tone:

"It has hung there for years; but oh! please Miss Amy, do not take it down!"

"Why not, Ruth? Tell me or else!"

Amy laughingly moved towards the corner; but the old woman, with a nervous hand, seized her by the arm.

"Unless you would see that which will make your young heart shiver, let the old webalone," she said quickly.

"Don't try to frighten me, Ruth; there can be nothing very terrible beneath a spider's web, and I must see."

As Amy spoke, she lightly brushed the web, and the web black with dust fell upon the floor.

What had it hidden? A single stain, red, deep and dark. Ruth Grey looked mournfully and silently upon it.

"Oh, Miss Amy," she at length said, "what have you done? Many a year it has been since my eyes saw that spot."

"What is it, Ruth?" asked Amy gravely, feeling, with myself, somewhat awed.

"What is it? Why, child, don't you see 'tis blood? Yes, the blood of—" and the old woman was lines in her face not alone of grief and despair, but of a fierce and terrible remorse. My mother starting from her chair, said quickly, "Child, how strangely you talk!" and left the room before I could speak; but there were tears in her eyes, and I knew that I had brought something very painful to mind."

The two young girls, crouching by the fire in Amy's little room, talked wonderfully of Margaret Challow—as a strange dread woman.

As I sat in the low window seat, with the paper crumpled in my hand, the memory of this conversation returned vividly to me. Now, Margaret Challow was dead—her heart, with its great burden of hidden grief, palsied no longer; then, as I mused, I began to wonder what would become of Challow Ridge; into whose hands the desolate yet noble old country seat would pass. I was not long in doubt.

"It was unconditionally bequeathed to us—Challow Ridge is ours, dear Ellen, and we will shortly leave our present home for it. You must go with us there, and you and I will do our best to brighten that gloomy old house."

So ended a letter from my fair young cousin Amy Hill; and it had not been read twice I decided to comply with her request.

"Challow Ridge shall be sold no longer," said Amy; and straightway it seemed to me that the old gray house, with its narrow-pointed windows and quaint little porches, grew bright, even cheerful, beneath the magic of her presence.

As a ray of light, Amy danced across the dark halls, up the wide staircase, and her laugh, "like the smothered laugh of a fairy, so clear and sweet," rang joyously through Challow Ridge. A sunny change came over the old place, and I knew that to my aunt and her lovely young daughter it would become a happy home.

"Amy and I followed Ruth Grey, the old house-keeper at Challow Ridge, from room to room until, almost wearied, we were turning to join Aunt Hill in the bright little sitting-room, when Ruth checked us.

"May be, ladies, you would like to see the

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY

NEWSPAPER.

Sabbath Reading.

WATCH, MOTHER.

Mother! watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Sounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child.

Catch the word while yet unspoken;
Stop the vow before its broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Savior's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome news now import;
Keep, O keep that young heart true.

Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Kippen for eternity.

BALM FOR LIFE'S SORROWS.

When crushed with sorrow, faint and broken-hearted,
We from ourselves would flee;

When fame and fortune have alike departed,
And all who come with whom in youth we started

To cross time's trackless sea;

When summer friends are one by one retreating—
When hopes like dead leaves fall—

One voice alone can still the heart's wild beating;
It is the voice of child-like faith repeating,
Godareth for us all.

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